

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.*Cates.* Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horse.*Rich.* Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:

I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,

Five haue I slaine to day, in stead of him.

A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

Alarums. Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine.*Retreat, and Flouriſh.* Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with diuers other Lords.*Richm.* God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.*Der.* Courageous Richmond,
Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere these long vsurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.*Richm.* Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?*Der.* He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.*Richm.* What men of name are slaine on either side?*Der.* *John Duke of Norfolk*, *Walier Lord Ferris*,
Sir Robert Brokenbury, and *Sir William Brandon*.*Richm.* Interre their Bodies, as become their Birth,
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,

That in submission will returne to vs,

And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,

We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red.

Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,

That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:

What Traitor heares me, and sayes not Amen?

England hath long beene mad, and fear'd her selfe;

The Brother blindly shed the Brothers blood;

The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonnes;

The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;

All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,

Diuided, in their dire Diuision.

O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,

The true Succeeders of each Royall House,

By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:

And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,

With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.

Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,

And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;

Let them not lue to taste this Lands increase,

That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace.

Now Ciuill wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen;

That she may long liue heere, God say, Amen. *Exeunt*

FINIS.



The Famous History of the King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

*Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, big, and working, full of State and woe:
Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to slow
We now present. Those that can Pity, heere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subiect will deserue it. Such as gine
The Money out of hope they may beleeue,
May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see
Onely a show or two, and so a gree,
The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,
He undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short houres. Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A myse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garaded with Tellow,*

*Will be decey'd. For ge
To ranke our chosen Truth
As Foole, and Fight is, be
Our owne Braines, and the
To make that onely true,
Will leane vs neuer an
Therefore, for Goodnesse
The First and Happiest H
Be sad, as we would make
The very Persons of our
As they were Liuing: Th
And follow'd with the gen
Of thousand Friends: Th
How soone this Mightine
And if you can be merry
A Man may weepe vpon h*

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one doore. At the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
Abergauenny.*

*Buckingham.**Good morrow, and well met. How haue ye done**Since last we saw in France?**Nor.* I thanke your Grace:

Healthfull, and cuer since a fresh Admirer

Of what I saw there.

Buck. An vntimely Ague

Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when

Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men

Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde,

I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,

Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung

In their Embracement, as they grew together,

Which had they,

What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time

I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory
Till this time Pompe was
To one about it selfe. Ea
Became the next dayes m
Made former Wonders, i
All Clinquant all in Gol
Shone downe the English
Made Britaine, India: Eu
Shewd like a Mine. The
As Cherubins, all gilt: th
Not vs'd to toyle, did al
The Pride vpon them, th
Was to them, as a Paintin
Was cry'de incompareab
Made it a Foole, and Beg
Equall in lustre, were nov
As presence did present t
Still him in praise, and be
'Twas said they saw but
Durst wagge his Tongue
(For so they phrase 'em)
The Noble Spirits to Ar